THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

Volume XVIII | Friday, August 11, 1933 | Number 15

EDITORIAL BOARD

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor
GEORGE N. SHUSTER, Managing Editor
MARY KOLARS, Assistant Editor
FREDERIC THOMPSON, Assistant Editor

JOHN F. McCORMICK, Business Manager

EDITORIAL COUNCIL

CARLTON J. H. HAYES
T. LAWRASON RIGGS
RICHARD DANA SKINNER
JAMES J. WALSH

TABLE OF CONTENTS

On Doing Our Part 355
Week by Week 356
The German Concordat 359
The New York Fight Begun ..... Charles Willis Thompson 360
Maroc ..... Ernest Dimnet 362
Song for a Bride *(verse)* .. Sister Thomas Aquinas 364
Hitlerism and Minorities ..... John Simons 365
Modern Art Finds a Soul ..... Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt 366
The Obscure Night of the Soul *(verse)* ..... Hugh de Burgh 368
Communications 368
The Stage and Screen ... Richard Dana Skinner 370
Books ..... Sean O'Faolain, T. Lawrason Riggs, Boyd-Carpenter 371

Previous issues of THE COMMONWEAL are indexed in the *Reader's Guide* and the *Catholic Periodical Index.*

Copyright 1933, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation.

Publication office, 34 N. Crystal St., East Stroudsburg, Pa. Executive offices, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single copies: $.10.

ON DOING OUR PART

AS WE write, the first week of the greatest economic experiment ever tried in the United States—the blanket industrial agreement for raising mass purchasing power—is going into effect on a scale commensurate with its tremendous importance. More than seven hundred thousand employers, estimated to form about one-sixth of American industry, and employing some six million persons, have signed the voluntary contract with President Roosevelt, to limit working hours and fix minimum wages. By the middle of this month, according to reports from Washington, it is expected that all but those employers who have determined to make a stand against the plan, or who are still too uncertain in their opinions regarding it to commit themselves to its support, will have enrolled in the coöperative movement. By Labor Day the administrators of the recovery act expect that most of the thirty-five million persons now employed will be working under codes, or the blanket terms of the temporary agreement, and that their number will be increased by about six million reëmployed men and women. A great tide of enthusiastic support both of the principle and the method of the recovery act is propelling the measure. Yet it is also plain that there is a large mass of opposition, and already there are danger flares springing up along that dark battlefield of labor and capital, the mining districts of Pennsylvania, where deaths have occurred in the strife between strikers and deputy sheriffs.

We have already expressed our own agreement with and support of the President's plan. We too have signed our contract to do our part. So far as we are aware, the whole weight of the Catholic press has been thrown to the President. Irrespective of disputable details, what the Catholic press generally recognizes has been lucidly expressed by our neighbor, the Brooklyn *Tablet,* whose front page editorial, from which we quote, has attracted wide attention. Says the *Tablet:*

"President Roosevelt's endeavors to lead the country out of the morass of the depression have been prompted quite generally by Christian principles. He has cast aside the so-called 'rugged individualism,' which was an outcome of the philosophy of *laissez-faire* and which has made possible selfish tactics enriching a few and impoverish-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing the many, and in its stead has preached a social outlook. He has set human rights above property rights; the wage above the dividend. Following this up, he has iterated and reiterated that the spirit of coöperation must supplant, as far as possible, the cut-throat competition which has destroyed the economic structure, exploited millions and filled the streets with the unemployed. These principles were strikingly set forth in the encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius XI. The issue is the golden rule against the rule of gold."

Similar expressions might be greatly multiplied. So far as staunch support of the underlying principles, and the motivating spirit, of the recovery plan are concerned, there can be no question where Catholics stand. But while this is demonstrably certain, another question arises, connected not only with the fate of the recovery act, but also with the whole problem of Catholic Action in relation to industrial and social questions. It is the question as to whether Catholics, as a body, are developing correct and practical methods for applying their principles in actual practice. Simply to state general principles, abstract ethical and moral maxims, no matter how eloquently or frequently, without being ready (or, perhaps, without being able) to apply them in a practical fashion, will not help the world very much. It is a good thing, of course, to hold up the light of spiritual and moral truth. But it would be still better if we ourselves knew, and could teach others, how to work while that light is shining. It would also be helpful if we could use our light to examine proposed solutions coming from other than professedly religious sources fairly and dispassionately, and to be ready to make use of them, and to rally to their support, when we are sure that such proposals are not in conflict with the principles of our faith.

Now, in order to do so, we think that the time is more than arrived for Catholics to pay greater attention to practical methods. This point was the subject of a remarkably thoughtful commencement address given by Professor Karl F. Herzfeld, of Johns Hopkins University, at Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pennsylvania, on June 12. The Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference has been laboring for years to induce Catholics to make a real study of methods as well as of principles. The League of Social Justice has been doing great work in spreading the desire for such a study among thoughtful and conscientious Catholics. So, too, have a number of other Catholic societies and colleges, and a growing, yet still very insufficient, number of our clergy realize that the preaching of the Pope's principles must be aided and supplemented by hard, continuous, unremitting, practical study. As Professor Herzfeld says, in discussing the application of Catholic principles to political and economic matters:

"Catholics have, I think, the right standpoint so far as the question of principle is concerned. But they often believe that that is all that is necessary and entirely neglect the necessity of investigating the best methods. That, of course, is a mistake which the Church itself does not make; but the Catholic lay public usually does.

"For instance, one often hears the opinion expressed that if only everybody followed the law of justice and charity there would not exist a social problem. That is quite wrong, and it is not the opinion of the Pope. Pope Pius XI insists, rightly, on the fact that a conversion to justice and charity is the first essential and necessary condition for economic recovery, but that is by no means sufficient in itself. Even if everyone were convinced that adequate wages for everybody are necessary, and if everybody were willing to make the necessary sacrifices, the question—how best to accomplish this object—is by no means answered. Even if everybody were convinced that just prices for farm products are demanded by moral justice, that does not answer the purely technical question of how this can be brought about.

"Or, to use another illustration: It is a moral problem to decide whether it is permitted to levy very high taxes on large income for the social betterment of the majority. But after this question has been answered with 'Yes,' it is a purely scientific problem, a problem of facts, to find out whether a distribution of these large incomes by taxes would actually increase the general income or would decrease it by the abolition of the 'luxury trades.' The answer to this question cannot be presumed on sentimental grounds, but has to be found scientifically."

Our immediate duty is to do our part in supporting the President's plan. But we can only do our whole part, as Catholics, in this crisis of society, by building up a class of Catholic leaders who know how to apply the principles of the Church in concrete, definite methods. Mere enthusiasm for a cause is not enough—it is indispensable, but without practical, expert knowledge it is wasted energy.

WEEK BY WEEK

Innocents Astray

AMERICANS traveling abroad this year smile weakly like patients for whom the professional assurances of a physician no longer possess magic properties. It is true that Mona Lisa is still in the Louvre, that the streets of Dinkelsbühl are as quaint as ever, and that an Italian taxidriver still proceeds like a maniac intent upon murder and suicide. If he be fortunate enough to think of journeying to Rome, the traveler may close his eyes and dream of the papal hand outstretched in blessing, or of the faith

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the Catacombs abloom once more in pilgrim throngs. But alas, he cannot always be an idealist. It is not merely a question of betrayal, as it were, by his own government, which by a little juggling of financial mathematics had suddenly made a Montparnasse supper resemble a charity dinner in Brooklyn. Nor is it a question of the relative scarcity of his compatriots, who in other times were wont to make Unter den Linden seem like Kansas City, after all. The real fact of the matter is that despite the quiet round about him and the absence of even such martial excitement as he might find at home, the human atmosphere is laden with political dynamite. He is threatened with drowning in a sea of endless discussions; and his poor brain, laden with arguments pro and contra, eventually resembles a rowboat which a storm has filled not with water merely but also with multitudinous varieties of fish adhering to quite exotic species. And if he is honest he will turn to his Baedeker in the hope of finding listed some undiscovered island long since off the gold standard but as yet untroubled by plans for the regeneration of mankind. We predict a great increase in traffic to the North Pole. While the climate has been criticized, the wisdom of the Eskimos passeth all understanding.

IN TIMES of emergency it is granted that the accepted and the usual often must go by the board. It is granted, too, that the fantastic growth of the racket of extortion by kidnapping constitutes an emergency almost as grave as any which our people can be called on to face. Still we think it useful to direct the attention of leaders and lawmakers to the possible grave error of overseverity in the legal measures under way everywhere to combat the evil. Kidnapping is produced by moral and social factors too various, and creates a moral and social situation too complicated, to be dealt with adequately by the simple expedient of making the laws more stringent. The affixing of the death penalty, at the discretion of the jury, is not what we have in mind, although its probable efficacy might be debated; it is arguable, for instance, that its chief effect would be, not to decrease the crime of kidnapping but measurably to increase the danger to its victims. However, we refer to the other project, formulated by Governor Lehman in his wholly admirable zeal to deal energetically with the situation, and widely advocated elsewhere: the project of making private treatment with kidnappers, over the heads of the police, a formal felony. No one can deny that this practice has had grievous results; but it does not seem to be realized that the proposed alternative might have even worse results. The anomaly which has permitted agonized families to act outside the law, is not merely illogical or conventional; it is rooted very deeply in our common nature, and expresses our common sense that the plight of these victims simply cannot be satisfactorily reached by law. This is not to defend it, but merely to describe it realistically for what it is: one of those several points at which, by common consent, the individual is balanced against the general good. It is overwhelmingly likely that a law against it could not be enforced, and would be undermined by silent connivance, thereby rendering the last state of this most unhappy matter even worse than the first.

Kidnapping

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT and other great men have a liking for ship models, which hobby merits respect and imitation. It is likely, however, that few collections include anything comparable to the "amber ship" built at Koenigsberg, Germany, after the likeness of a sixteenth century Danzig *Kogge*. Much of the best amber in the world is to be found, as everyone knows, near the city where Kant once held forth; and surely it must have been the example of industry and retirement from the things of earth set by him which inspired the workman entrusted with this incomparable ship model. The labor of fitting together small pieces of so exquisite a material into a replica of hull, masts, sails and other accoutrements of a sea-going vessel consumed 250 days of twenty-four hours each. In addition one must reckon the time required to secure and prepare the materials. The whole is an exceedingly beautiful work of art, which it is proposed to show in many of the cities of the world—as an advertisement for the glories of amber. It could not have been constructed if the state of affairs prevailing in the world of precious materials were prosperous, demanding time for normal pursuits. Thus in a sense one is back in the days of old, when artizans apparently had all the time in the world to devote to the making of beautiful things. But of course for them leisure was the result of the ease with which necessities of life could be secured, while for us it is just a by-product of poverty.

A Ship of Price

A CURIOUS dilemma has caused the abandonment of "Pop" concerts at the Westchester County Center by reason of the protest of the musicians' local of the American Federation of Labor. These concerts served a twofold purpose: they were popular in price so that families whose budgets had shrunken with the times could enjoy them, and they gave employment to unemployed musicians. In the case of the latter, it is now a matter of their having to be content with no loaf instead of having several slices of bread. The loss to the audiences is great.

No Music

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The concerts had been staged with rare good taste. The huge hall of the County Center had been turned into a sylvan grove by the transplanting in tubs of living trees. Fountains tinkled among these. One could either sit in twenty-thirt' seats in a balcony, or for something more, at tables on the floor where one could, or not, as one wished, have light refreshments. The enterprise was not, in the vernacular, a "pay-off." That is, income did not meet expenses. The difference was made up by generous patrons not only in Westchester but in nearby Connecticut. The musicians' union demanded that the players receive $50 a week. They were being paid from $15 to $45 a week. They were called out and a new orchestra from among the unemployed was gathered. The latter included a few receiving $50, the rest receiving $20 and expenses. They too, finally, have been persuaded by the union to quit. The rights of the thing truly are a dilemma. It is unfair under the circumstances of the non-commercial nature of the enterprise to imply that its sponsors were deliberately taking advantage of labor's desperate condition to get men to work for low wages. The union's hard won scale, however, was being depreciated and a precedent established which might make commercial ventures which did take advantage of conditions difficult to deal with.

Beauraing

WHILE the Church acts with the greatest reserve in such matters, there is every reason to believe that the faith of the people in manifestations like those which have occurred in the neighborhood of Beauraing, Belgium, is both justifiable and beneficial. A Lourdes grotto had been erected in a convent garden of this little town. During the past winter, children who went there to pray at dusk, saw—or at least thought they saw—the Blessed Mother. The experience was repeated on several occasions, filling the children with such joy and ecstasy that no pressure of argument could withstand their faith. Great crowds flocked to the place, which soon resembled Lourdes. Unfortunately the usual accompaniments of the shrine—pedlars dealing in cheap religious wares, exploiters of hotels and eating establishments—likewise put in an appearance. Huysmans once characterized such phenomena as satanic onslaughts upon the manifestation of the supernatural. Nevertheless Beauraing triumphed over such things. Cures have now been reported, in particular, some of chronic cases of lameness. August 5, feast of Notre-Dame-aux-Neiges, beheld the first great organized pilgrimage to this new center of popular devotion. As has been said, no official approval has been given by ecclesiastical authorities, but their silent assent seems to indicate reasons for granting the credulity of the children involved.

Summer Tragedy

CLAIMANTS for the title of The Worst Man in the World are always cropping up, of course. O. Henry confidently nominated the employer who pays shop girls five or six dollars a week. Numerous candidates, from Squeers of Dotheboys Hall to the qualmless chancery lawyers who broke up livings and lives for their fees, are offered by Dickens. But New York can now present a worthy challenger to these champions of little-souled mammon-worship. He is the man who recently collected the sweaty and difficult dollars of the parents of 120 tenement children, under the promise of giving the little ones a vacation at his fine camp in Sullivan County; who sent the whole six score of them in charge of one harried cook, to roost under old and crowded tents, drink from a polluted stream, and eat famine rations; and who finally disappeared, leaving the camp without food or funds, and stranding, besides, a second contingent whose money was also collected in advance. The poor little tykes at "Kamp Kill Kare" have had to be sent back to their sweltering and malodorous tenements, after this parody of a vacation; the other group have lost their vacation money without even leaving the city pavements. Seriously, of course, this is not the starkest atrocity ever perpetrated; but to anyone who knows the inferno the city can be, especially to under-privileged children, there is a bowelless meanness about this.

About Snakes

WE CANNOT account for the way snakes are featured in current news stories. We might think that the snake was the depression equivalent of the sea serpent, immemorial symbol of the silly season, but that is a belated and unpatriotic theory taking no account of the "new deal." At any rate, here they are. There was the recent project (run by every newspaper under headlines mentioning Saint Patrick) to turn the unemployed into snake exterminators. There was the story of the snake-bitten traveler in Africa, whose wife carried him on her back for forty miles through the desert before she was rescued. The big blacksnake who has been seen in Harlem perhaps does not count, for he appears in the news pretty regularly. But the saga of the garter snake who just lost his life to a clam in a dispute over precedence in a Minnesota garden pool, strikes a new note in reptilian literature. Most striking of all is the chronicle of the upstate New York moccasin whose venom was potent enough to lay out two men at second hand, besides the one he actually bit; one of them sucked the wound and received the alas too frequent reward of heroism, in the shape of a poisoned jaw; the other nicked himself with the knife used to slash the wound, and ended up in a hospital cot.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GERMAN CONCORDAT

THERE are reasons for believing that the Concordat signed by the Holy See and the new German government may be misunderstood by the world at large. Even the theory underlying such agreements is challenged in many places; and when the issues involved are so unusual as are those created by the Hitler government, criticism is likely to become more voluble than discerning. Let us begin by noting that Concordats between Rome and German governments, notably Bavaria, have been a matter of custom during more than a hundred years, and that the present agreement is a supplement designed to deal with conditions incident to the legal unification of the Reich under Adolph Hitler. Accordingly it is not a new thing created in a kind of vacuum, but simply a practical continuation of a policy long established. Nor is there implied in any manner whatsoever the "moral recognition" of a régime which many believe must still be tested.

The history of such Concordats is of course only a part of the story of the Church in Europe, which looks back also upon two thousand years of holiness, of sacrifice and even martyrdom. Yet it is really a history without some knowledge of which the American Catholic, whose own experience has in several ways been so different, cannot understand what is happening in the Old World. The struggle between Church and State was for centuries envisaged in quite personal terms. On the one side there stood emperor or king; on the other, bishop or Pope. At no moment was it entirely clear where politics ended and religion began. The Concordat establishes a legal basis from which the defense of rights can be undertaken. Whether or not under existing circumstances the Church can actually succeed in getting its part of the bargain is an open question. It is merely obvious that in no other way can it make any bargain at all. The only other course of action would be the abandonment of every form of political status, and the resolve to rely solely upon the Faith as the early Christians perforce did.

How this might work out in practice is illustrated by the experience of the Lutheran Church in Germany. It is true that this Church does not possess the dogmatic structure or the coherence of Catholicism. Nevertheless as such it is by no means dead or inchoate, as the testimony of Karl Adam and others suffices to prove. These Lutherans proceeded to elect a bishop, and selected a man whose spiritual fortitude and breadth remind one more than a little of the late Archbishop Soderblöm, whose irenic personality many in America will remember. The duly elected bishop was not, however, acceptable to the New Germany, for several reasons which need not be set forth here. Accordingly he was compelled to withdraw, since the opportunity to carry on as he desired was legally destroyed. Thus the state triumphed over Lutheranism in a manner reminiscent of the Gorham Case. While there is every reason to believe that Chancellor Hitler is anxious to grant the Evangelical Churches their rightful spiritual hegemony, it is clear that political factors with which he had to reckon compelled the Protestant leaders to surrender. They could not look back upon a long tradition of agreements and Concordats in the same way as could Catholics; and it seems to us that American observers who wish that Catholicism should break with its tradition ought in fairness grant that what has happened to Lutheranism in Germany would then also have happened to it.

Neither we nor others know the future. Even so we believe that the Church in Germany has emerged from the first stage of the German Revolution—from several points of view as dangerous and critical an upheaval as any recorded in history—with remarkable success. The changes imposed by events were tremendous. Generations of training in the Center party point of view were suddenly like a few courses in Greek upon which a middle-aged lawyer looks back a little uncomprehendingly, and many a form of quasi-institutionalized endeavor was rendered impracticable. Yet this effort is not meaningless for our time. It alone conserved into our age—which has been one of unbelief, of worldiness and of despair—that political structure which the state, anxious to conserve the elements of morality and law, must acknowledge and seek to coöperate with.

Undeniably also the eagerness of the German government to become a partner to the present Concordat must be ascribed in a very large measure to the personal wishes of Chancellor Hitler. The man's career is not to be understood unless one sees, in spite of difficulties and positive dislikes, that the central point in his psychology is his antagonism to one kind of internationalism and his reverence for another kind of internationalism. He personally is not a German "nationalist," but a German anti-internationalist in a given sense. Many of his followers seem of course to be motivated by different points of view, especially those who seek to substitute a religion of Wotan and other primitive German gods for Christianity. One may be certain that however other countries may choose to think of Hitler, it would be well to admit that the Concordat is sufficient evidence to prove that his views are not in accordance with any such "Teutonic creed." That creed will, however, not die out in a moment. The Church may yet find in it a difficult antagonist. And there are other problems. Perhaps the twentieth may prove to be the most convulsive of all centuries. It is well to remember what restraint has been laid upon the gates of hell.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW YORK FIGHT BEGUN

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

IN THE political campaign this year, the first moves of which have been proceeding for some time throughout the Union, the limelight will be more on New York City than on any other scene of battle. This is not a guess, it is merely the sort of certainty recognized by Patrick Henry when he said that the only light by which men could be guided in politics was that thrown by "the lamp of experience." The whole country watches a New York election as intently as an audience follows a melodrama, whenever there is any unrest or rebellion against the ruling powers in that city. There assuredly is unrest this year, and the outlook is hectic.

Politically, men's memories are short; if this were not so it would be a simpler matter to estimate the course of this campaign, though not its outcome. Wherever "the lamp of experience" sheds light on 1933, this article will refer to it. Certain popular misunderstandings, inside New York as well as beyond it, must first be cleared away, and they are all due to that shortness of political memory just mentioned.

First, there is a delusion both in the city and outside it that it is the thrall of Tammany Hall. Because of that shortness of memory, there is a myth that Tammany not only enslaves the city but always has. That this preposterous notion is not confined to the ignorant is sufficiently illustrated by the fact that in 1928 M. R. Werner wrote a history demonstrating (as he imagined) that Tammany's domination began with Aaron Burr, when George Washington was still alive. This is mentioned here because Werner has the reputation of being a sober historian. The belief is wholly a fiction. For one thing, Tammany is not the city's unquestioned Simon Legree. For another, it is only within the last generation that it has exercised such power as it has. For a third, it has been repeatedly defeated or checkmated even in this recent time. It has been out of power more often than not, even then.

Tammany is the convenient nickname for the Democratic organization in one of the five counties which make up this so-called "city"; really less a city than a federation. That county is *not* the most populous of the five. Tammany, personified in its present leader, Mr. Curry, rules only by the assent of the organizations in the other four boroughs. He and it can at any time be overthrown by the superior power of the organization in Kings County, of which Mr. McCooey is the leader, and probably by Bronx County, led by Mr. Flynn. I use the right word, "county," instead of the artificial word, "borough," inserted in the city charter to give a factitious appearance of compactness in what is really a federation.

Mr. McCooey, Mr. Flynn, and the leaders in Queens and Richmond Counties are content to let Tammany, as personified in Mr. Curry, take the front so long as their political arrangements with it are satisfactory. Last year Mr. Flynn and the Bronx organization were dissatisfied, and the plaster kingdom of Tammany—the New York County organization—was in danger of being overthrown. There were open threats of putting up Joseph V. McKee of the Bronx as a candidate for mayor in 1933 against Mr. Curry's candidate. What went on behind the scenes in that perilous condition of affairs has not been revealed, but Mr. Flynn was pacified and Mr. McKee announced his retirement from politics. Mr. McCooey has everything he wants in Kings County. The outlook is for a harmonious Democratic nomination; and the innocent bystander will regard it as another proof of Tammany's irresistible power.

The five counties, however, made up of all kinds of people and numbering several millions of inhabitants, are at any time able to overthrow their political rulers, and when they are discontented they do it and always have. There are plenty of signs of discontent today. There are so many that outsiders are looking forward eagerly to another overturn of the throne; and because what is called "fusion" has been successful as a lever for such an overthrow on several occasions in the past, there is much talk of fusion again. Let us see what fusion means, again by Patrick Henry's "lamp of experience."

Fusion has had as many colors as a chameleon, and has been different things at different times. Until somewhat more than thirty years ago there were several parties in New York County, and until a little over forty years ago Tammany was one of the secondary parties. In 1886 it was almost on the verge of disappearance, having been outnumbered and out of office for years and continually growing weaker. The Republican party was a nonentity, casting only about 25 percent of the vote. The other parties voted Democratic every four years, in presidential elections, but their real interest was in the city elections, in which they fought each other like cats and dogs. The Republican party organization existed mainly for patronage from Washington and for what it could get by deals with whichever one of the Democratic parties was temporarily in the ascendant in the city.

In 1890, when Tammany was beginning to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

emerge as the leading party, the other parties formed a coalition against it, a fusion. This fusion was beaten at the polls. In 1894, however, the people were violently discontented with Tammany, and there was another fusion, to which the enraged voters turned, and Tammany was defeated. When the smoke cleared away and the people had a chance to see what it was they had elected, they found that the successful fusion ticket had been made up by deals between the various parties and that the offices were filled by a heterogeneous crowd of all kinds of politicians, some good, some bad, some competent, some incompetent. Naturally, they did not work together, and the city administration gave a good imitation of Donnybrook Fair. Consequently, in 1897 the disgusted voters turned back to Tammany.

These two fusions had been the result of sordid political bargains. In 1897 the Citizens Union entered the field and dictated a more respectable sort of fusion, headed by Seth Low, President of Columbia University, with a minimum of mere heelers on the otherwise dignified ticket. But the people were sick of anything bearing the fusion label, and elected what turned out to be the worst administration New York had ever had. This is said with full remembrance of Tweed's short-lived reign, but Tweed's gang contented themselves with merely stealing. In 1901, the Citizens Union tried this new kind of fusion again, and this time the people, revolted by Croker's blackmailing reign, elected Low. His administration was unrepresentative of the New York spirit, so in 1903 the people, Croker having fled to Ireland with his gains, elected Mayor McClellan. They were still dissatisfied with Tammany, however, and in 1905 there was another revolt against it, one which came within an ace of victory if indeed it was not actually successful.

This revolt was not a fusion. Mr. Hearst ran independently, the Republicans nominating a strict party candidate. Hearst charged that he had been elected and counted out. Whether this was true or not, McClellan, in his second term, broke with the Tammany leaders and undertook to shape a course of his own. In 1909 Tammany was no more popular than before, and there was another fusion which swept the city, except for the office of mayor. Tammany managed to salvage that by nominating, not a Tammany man but a reformer; but it only pulled him through by reason of the fact that Hearst again ran independently and split the protest vote. The new Mayor, Justice Gaynor, paid no more attention to Tammany in office than McClellan had, in fact much less; so that when 1913 arrived Tammany had been in control for only two years—the duration of McClellan's first administration.

It encountered a worse defeat than ever in 1913. The Citizens Union engineered another fusion—a so-called one, for all the parties except Tammany and the Republicans had disappeared. But the head of the ticket was an independent Democrat, John Purroy Mitchel, and there were plenty of good Democrats on it. Fusion had undergone a transformation, for there were no parties left to coalesce. Mitchel was elected by the great mass of independent or still disgusted Democrats, backed by the Republicans.

In 1917 there was an attempt at fusion, but it failed. The Republicans nominated William M. Bennett, and Mitchel ran again—nominally a fusionist once more, but really an independent. The Tammany leader, Murphy, however, took no chances, and again went outside Tammany for his candidate, a Brooklyn judge named Hylan. Hylan was elected; but he never was a Tammany man. He apparently conceived that he owed his rescue from obscurity to Hearst, and consequently owed his chief allegiance to that gentleman. However, Hearst and Hylan gave Tammany what it wanted when it did not conflict with their own wishes, and so for eight years Tammany had more of a look-in than it had had since the first two of McClellan's six years.

Not until 1925, however, did Tammany, with the consent of the other boroughs, succeed in getting control of the city. It did this by electing Mayor Walker. Chameleonic fusion had gone by the board, and it was easy for Walker, in a normally Democratic city, to defeat the always minority Republican party. He did it again in 1929, but in 1932, to avoid removal from office, he resigned, and Tammany and its allies—now superior in numbers and in power to Tammany—picked the present Mayor, John P. O'Brien, to run in November. The discontent so apparent now was even then made manifest at the polls, when hundreds of thousands of citizens—nobody will ever know how many—went to the trouble of writing in the name of the Bronx man, McKee, in the blank space on the ballot. This, followed by the threat of McKee's appearance as a candidate next November, when nobody who wanted to vote for him would have to take so much trouble, scared Tammany. There were negotiations, in which it is not assuming too much to guess that McCooey, controlling the decisive vote of Kings County, had his share. Tammany has been obsequious to the Bronx ever since, but not only in that county but elsewhere in the federated city the signs of revolt continue to grow.

Though there is not so much as the ghost of an anti-Tammany party to fuse with, the old fusion label has been resurrected, in the hope that Tammany may again be defeated by some such nominal fusion as that which elected Mitchel. If this fails, the Republicans will have to go it alone once more; but the Republicans do not seem to have made much headway against the distrust

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with which they have been regarded every time they played a lone hand.

There remain the Socialists, or rather Norman Thomas. Thomas has become a sort of legend, without anybody distinctly knowing why. His administrative capacity is never mentioned or even thought about, either by his admirers or his opponents. No one knows if he has any. He is not the Socialist candidate this year, but his legend has accustomed many voters to lose their terror of voting for a Socialist. Already Republicans, not politicians, are saying they will vote for Solomon in preference to Tammany or a Tammany-dictated fusionist. His election may seem an impossibility, and would certainly seem one, if it were not that on two occasions the voters have either done or come within an inch of doing just that sort of thing.

The first occasion when this happened was in 1886 when Henry George, backed by a miscellaneous following—so miscellaneous as to include Father McGlynn, the Episcopal rector, R. Heber Newton, the Republican and agnostic, Robert G. Ingersoll, and all sorts of people—but mainly by working men, ran for mayor against both the old parties. Though there was no secret ballot, as the Democratic and Republican leaders counted the votes and had a working understanding, even at that the majority turned in against George was small, and as ballot-box stuffing was then a constant practice, it is generally believed that George was elected. Yet he was, like Norman Thomas, a legend; he had never been in politics and was known only as a writer on economics. The second occasion of the kind was in 1905, when Hearst ran independently and, though he was no legend, was voted for by people who disliked him intensely, but who made use of him as a club to strike at the much-detested Tammany. Hearst and many others believed that he was elected and counted out.

However that may be, this article is intended to show that Tammany's supposedly iron-clad control of this city is a myth. After Tweed's very short and summarily ended rule, it never was in power until 1889; its reign even then was broken by the revolt of 1894-1897, and ended in 1901. After that it never had entire control until Walker's time, except for the first two of McClellan's six years, and was altogether out of power much of the time. Meanwhile the Democratic vote in the other four counties has grown by leaps and bounds until it far overshadows that of Tammany; and even in Tammany itself there are fissures. The election of 1933 is going to be mighty interesting.

MAROC

By ERNEST DIMNET

WHY do I use the French name instead of Morocco? Because it sounds more remote, wilder, drier and rockier. It only takes one day longer to cross over to Tangier than to reach Algiers, but while Algiers seems to be the gate into a garden of delight, Tangier is supposed to guard a traditionally sullen, unwelcoming land. The French Protectorate and its miracles well known to everybody have made but little difference. We may know dozens of people who have visited Fez, but we go on thinking of Fez as an inaccessible town, so old that it is almost deserted, and we imagine there is some danger in being inside its mediaeval precincts. No amount of reading can change such an impression until actual vision dispels it, and perhaps it is more due to the harsh sound of the two syllables, Maroc, than to anything else.

Tangier, diplomatic and international though it be, is a pleasant surprise. No adequate landing-place there as yet, so that the harbor is alive with boats cruising around to catch you at the foot of the ladder and as nimble as trout. The sailors who, with a great polyglot hubbub, row these boats, are the same fellows in red *chechias* and vast trousers who sat to Delacroix a hundred years ago. Out of a picture has also walked a tall, turbaned person who captures you the moment you step on shore, and with a little Spanish speech constitutes himself your guide. And certainly you see, five hundred yards to the left, your British hotel rising from what is evidently a European quarter, but no sooner have you walked twenty steps under the watchful eye of your guide, who, lest you should give him the slip, proceeds sideways like a crab—than you are in the Arabian quarter. There rises the steep, narrow street you will see everywhere, a seething stream of white burnooses and long-eared donkeys, through which you fight your way as everybody else fights his way with *balek! balek!* and much flourishing of bamboo sticks. Up and up you edge your way, never lost sight of by your guide and casting delighted glances at the wealth of African picturesqueness right and left of you, but never daring to stop because nobody ever stops. And at the top of the hill, on an irregular square at the end of which you see your first minaret, there appears your first Arabian market. A few steps away from you, howling his Arabic and banging his tom-tom, the snake-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

charmer is actually snake-charming, and in a few moments you see a long green serpent making for your terrified feet, while another reptile, short and fat and very ignoble to look at, swells his enormous neck to the music, then vanishes under the blanket. This is nothing. Close, by in the center of a semi-circle of squatted burnooses, a youngish orator speaks with such authority in his voice and lifted finger that you cannot escape a thought which comes to you with a shiver. In a similar scene, Christ must have spoken many times to a similar audience. The Greek word used by the New Testament writers, *ekerusse*—"He shouted like the town-crier"—has more than once puzzled me, but after less than a quarter of an hour on Arabian soil, I understood: all Orientals shout because they live in the open air and their air is full of noise.

Moroccan towns have no suburbs. No sooner are you out of Tangier than you know what Morocco—a largely uninhabited country—looks like. Well, it looks like its map. Only the syllables, Maroc, cause you to think of the rocky mountains on the map, and to forget the plains. In reality, what you see five minutes after driving out of Tangier, and what you will see even seven hundred kilometers farther south, in the Marrakesh region, is a vast expanse of greenness, mostly fertile and mostly cultivated, with mountains—sometimes the Riff, sometimes the Atlas—in the faraway distance. No forests. As clear and neat as on the map, marvelous roads stretch out in all directions. Ten feet high milestones, modern yet Roman-looking, bear names, a few like Fez, Meknes (Mequinez), Rabat or Marrakesh, so romantic that you stare at them in bewilderment, others recalling the historic progress of an entity almost invisible but mysteriously active everywhere, the French army.

The impression of solitude is predominant as if a highly cultivated country had been deserted overnight by its inhabitants. Every six or seven miles, you skirt a little town squatting flat behind its ramparts, or a very African-looking straw village protected by a high cactus hedge and garrisoned by gossipy storks. Almost every day we came upon vast markets entirely native and incredibly picturesque, not in or near any community, but miles away from anywhere. A few turns of the wheels and solitude would set in again. Yet you never lose a sensation of security. Here as in northern Mexico, a peaceful hacienda is apt to be fortified by walls and towers as if it expected siege, and there are not a few Moroccan old forts, picturesque and mediaeval, still standing on points of vantage, but the strong gates, battlements and innumerable loop-holes do not succeed in reviving the feeling of danger. A happy light blue sky smiles down on everything; a broad stripe of marigolds, sweet peas and fat bright Ficoideae makes the road as lyrical as a road can be; the green carpet is unbroken; indeed this Morocco is far less African than was melancholy Castile, where, the day before yesterday, our train puffed its way through rocky wildernesses.

The other great characteristic of Morocco is sameness. The impression of monotonous intelligibility and elementariness is largely caused by the fact that somehow you never seem, except in the vicinity of Meknes, to reach the mountainous parts. But even the celebrated cities, even Fez the northern, or Marrakesh the southern, metropolis, do not succeed in producing variety. All the Moroccan cities begin at once, without giving you the least notice, and they begin with miles of ramparts and towers rising from solitary plains. These walls mostly date back to the twelfth or thirteenth century and crumble in many places to the level of the *bled*. But city life never takes advantage of those breaches to break bounds. Even cemeteries—vague, vast expanses where only an experienced eye can detect the presence of the dead a few inches below the surface—do not spread out of the walls. They make you realize how much meaning is attached to the apparently simple biblical phrase, *extra castra,* out of the camp. Frequently the cities have shrunk far away from those reddish ramparts. Vast orchards of orange or apple trees— the Sultan's *agdal*— or deserted *meshuars,* destined for fantasias or great receptions, but, as a rule, as dead as the cemeteries, lie within the thirty or forty kilometers of ghostly fortifications. And the modern towns built in the past twenty years by Lyautey do not trespass either. Their white terraces and stately Californian avenues are well out of sight. So through silence and solitude you proceed toward the *medina,* or Arabian city, and it is the same everywhere.

The souqs are its core, and nothing is so unwise as calling them, as in India, the bazaar. The souqs consist of thirty or forty narrow streets, frequently sheltered by a light roofing of reeds, in which nobody lives, though its many *fondouks*— the inn of Saint Luke—offer to hundreds of travelers the humble comfort of an arch over their heads, a mat under their bodies, and the discomfort of the most infernal noise till a salvo shot at midnight by the Sultan's police suddenly stills all rumors. The souqs are the commercial quarter, of course. Seated three or four feet above the pavement of sharp pebbles, thousands of apparently small vendors sell nondescript articles or commodities. To whom? To nobody. In the Arabian souqs we solve at last one of Paris's minor mysteries; the mystery of the Oriental carpet-merchants who have never been seen selling anything to anybody. They are used to that kind of business. So are their Fez or Marrakesh confrères, who seem to be fanning their meat, weigh-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing their dates, boiling their mint tea, or caressing their leather goods solely for the enjoyment of tourists. Incessantly the flood of burnooses and donkeys surges to *balek! balek!* But nobody stops to buy. Yet, some of those Arabs whom you see adding up figures on a bit of paper resting on their left hand, make fortunes and live in rich houses. Were it not for *balek,* or for the shouting of many blind men endlessly praying Allah "to send a Sidi who will give a sou," or for the beggars who in the by-streets seated before the low doors bang at them with their sticks and also endlessly repeat in Arabic something which must mean, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you," there ought not to be a sound in the souqs, but pandemonium goes on in there till midnight.

From the dark souqs radiate the streets proper, that is to say, short alleys six feet wide running between two ramparts, in which open the oblique entries into houses. Obliquely also, these alleys merge into others, so that you seldom see more than a hundred feet ahead, and then—the feeling of confinement becoming oppressive—you push ahead as straight as you can in the hope of coming to one of the handsome city gates you saw from the car and you find your way barred by the everlasting city wall.

Moroccan towns surrounded by their miles of ramparts contain innumerable courts or gardens, which are also surrounded by ramparts—the real thing, high and thick, with pointed battlements—and when you can take a general survey from a tower, you realize that the tiny patios belonging to each unsuspected house are like wells between tall walls. Secrecy is the great object of Arabian life. You cannot step inside a house, some cemeteries are a sacred shelter for veiled women, and you never can step inside a mosque or even inside the galleries leading to it. All my life I had wished to see the muezzin at his battlement calling to prayer. It took me several days to discover him. There he was, a very old bearded man wrapped up in his woollen things, tired but indefatigable, sending out his piercing but sweet *Allah ek por* as he slowly turned from north to south and from east to west. A great thrill.

The marvel of it all is that the sameness of country greenness, dark walled cities and shrouded men and women, with the sun everlastingly looking on, does not pall on one. The last glance from the boat at Tangier accompanies a passionate desire to return.

There is in Morocco something else equally indescribable and everlastingly present, even when one does not actually see it; that is the French army. It is a great and noble thing. More than once, in America, feeling around me the invisible presence of the equation, "French = militaristic," I have been reticent, perhaps slightly apologetic, in speaking of the French army. Never again. Years ago, Miss Thomas, president of Bryn Mawr College, who had just returned from Morocco, told me: "You will never really know your own people till you visit Morocco." Nothing could be truer. I never was conscious of any militarism during my fortnight's initiation, but the army is everywhere. Only it means a combination of the highest sentiments, passionate devotion and order, order in everything. I saw two or three generals: soldiers, but gentle, thoughtful, men. One of them spoke of the mountain warriors still in rebellion against the Sultan (remember that Morocco is not a French colony), and he said, "We never forget that the enemy of today is the friend of tomorrow." That was no exaggeration. Those men work a constant miracle: the natives are proud of them and the name of Lyautey is as sacred as that of the most famous *marabouts*. More than that, over ten thousand young Germans are serving in the Foreign Legion under French officers. I never passed one without speaking with him. The reconciliation about which pacifist orators and diplomatists talk vaguely becomes an actuality in those regiments. The word which best describes the impression left by the army in Morocco is harmony.

More than once, too, I have felt that it is beauty. The old Arabic cities are irresistible, but the French towns built beside them are infinitely superior to the modern towns built in France. Rabat is a dream wherever you look. There is an exquisite little cathedral, with a Franciscan bishop and a Franciscan staff, all wearing military caps and most of them wearing the badge of the Legion of Honor. This cathedral, like all the rest of that young white city, is an inspiration of the army.

Song for a Bride

Sustain thy quest, illimitable heart,
  On sweets within love's paining;
Sunset skies uphold the art
  Of blended rainbow staining.

Less thine each joy that walleth away
  Weeping and kindred graces;
Nightfall maketh peace with day
  In shadowy trysting-places.

Recruit thy strength on wind-swept ways
  Where valor serveth sorrow;
Springtime turneth winter's greys
  All green upon the morrow.

Behold Life reaping earth and sky
  From three hours' April sowing—
How clear a call the bridegroom's cry;
  How swift the bride's first knowing!

SISTER THOMAS AQUINAS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HITLERISM AND MINORITIES

By JOHN SIMONS

We believe that the covenants for the protection of minorities of which Mr. Simons here writes would offer practical means of ameliorating certain familiar conditions, not confined to Germany alone, which are a blot on the common decency of our times. Exceptions, of course, may immediately be raised to the effectiveness of these covenants, but these exceptions are part of the inevitable fallibility of human enterprise and should not be construed as defeatism for the good they may accomplish.—The Editors.

THE PRESENT course of the German government in countenancing measures prejudicial to the rights of its Jewish citizens brings into prominence what is perhaps one of the oldest problems—and not the least difficult—which confront civilized governments. This is the problem of guaranteeing the racial, religious and political rights of minorities. Much as has been accomplished in establishing and safeguarding the rights of the citizen in the modern state, the events in Germany should make us realize that, except in certain of the lesser nations of central and eastern Europe which have given undertakings through the so-called Minorities Treaties, minority groups are largely dependent on that decent respect for human rights which most governments observe. When a government adopts a course of withholding that respect and of actively violating rights which it has never officially recognized there is no recourse. Obviously, a defect of such grave nature—grave enough to have been the cause or to have contributed to the cause of wars in the past—deserves more attention from statesmen than it has recently received. In a world at present intent on remedying past errors, and seemingly possessed of the will to achieve results, it may even be that a problem so formidable as the rights of minorities can be frankly and constructively discussed at this time.

Fortunately, there is already machinery in existence in international law which, if logically extended and properly implemented, would provide adequate guarantees of political and religious tolerance. I refer to the so-called Minorities Treaties, referred to above, which were one of the hopeful results of the World War. Without reviewing the events following the war which brought the treaties into existence, it can be briefly stated that as a result of these undertakings a radical change was effected in the political status of some 40,000,000 people, representing racial and religious minorities domiciled for the most part in eastern and southeastern Europe. Where formerly these people had lived under oppressive and discriminatory laws, deprived of the ordinary rights of citizens, henceforth they were to enjoy religious, civil and cultural freedom.

How was this revolution effected? In the first place, the rights granted to minorities and described in detail in the treaties, were required by the Allied and Associated Powers to be written into the organic law of the countries affected. The nature and specifications of such laws is well illustrated in Articles 7 and 8 of the treaty with Poland. To quote Article 7:

> All Polish nationals shall be equal before the law and shall enjoy the same civil and political rights without distinction as to race, language or religion.
>
> Differences of religion, creed or confession shall not prejudice any Polish national in matters relating to the enjoyment of civil or political rights, as for instance, admission to public employments, functions and honors, or the exercise of professions and industries.
>
> No restriction shall be imposed on the free use by any Polish national of any language in private intercourse, in commerce, in religion, in the press or in publications of any kind, or at public meetings.
>
> Notwithstanding any establishment by the Polish government of an official language, adequate facilities shall be given to Polish nationals of non-Polish speech for the use of their language, either orally or in writing, before the courts.

Article 8 declares:

> Polish nationals who belong to racial, religious or linguistic minorities shall enjoy the same treatment and security in law and in fact as the other Polish nationals. In particular they shall have an equal right to establish, manage and control at their own expense charitable, religious and social institutions, schools and other educational establishments, with the right to use their own language and to exercise their religion freely therein.

Finally, to insure that such laws should not be allowed to lapse and become dead letters, machinery was set up in the minorities section of the Secretariat of the League of Nations enabling minorities whose rights should be violated or threatened with violation, to apply to the League for redress or protection. In a last resort, appeal could be taken to the World Court, in the discretion of the Council of the League.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the experience of the League, this machinery has been a distinct improvement over the practice followed before the war. It is commonly known that many attempts have been made in diplomatic history to extend protection to minorities; but, while guarantee clauses were inserted in a number of treaties, notably in the Treaty of Berlin (1878) establishing the independence of Rumania, Bulgaria, Serbia and Montenegro, the supervision of such guarantees was left in the hands of the signatory states. This system was never effective because, to carry it out, nations were required to pry into each other's affairs, and attempts of one nation to intercede with a neighbor in behalf of a minority usually resulted in misunderstanding and open conflict. Instead of contributing to the peace of the world, the system served only to disturb the status quo.

Against such a background of ineffectiveness, the League's record of successful intervention has been notable. Of 350 petitions addressed to the League between 1921 and 1930, about half were declared unacceptable in the League's definition, and of the remainder, only fifteen required action on the part of the Council, most of the cases having been settled by the Minorities Committees. As these committees work secretly, governments which might have taken an intractable stand, if their affairs had been publicly examined, have found it easy to yield concessions asked of them.

This machinery, admirable in conception, needs only to be finally consummated. As I have pointed out, at the present time a minority group is assured of freedom of conscience and of political rights only in the fourteen European countries which had minorities treaties imposed upon them at the conclusion of the war. The so-called great powers, as witness the present career of Germany, offer no such guarantees. Now, is it not logical to assume that the provisions of the Minorities Treaties which have been incorporated into the fundamental law of the smaller countries with success, and with a notable advance in the cause of justice and humanity, could and should be made an integral part of the laws of the Great Powers? The basic machinery has been set up; it needs only to be integrated and completed.

The opportunity seems to be at hand for taking this vital step. Consider the present instance of Germany. There, the Hitler party has recently come into power largely as the result of a popular demand for revision of the Versailles Treaty. Why should not the Allied and Associated powers, in reply to the demand of Germany, require the establishment in Germany, and in all the larger countries, of fundamental laws equivalent to the provisions of the Minorities Treaties? For it must be realized by courageous and far-sighted statesmanship that until the problem of guaranteeing the rights of all citizens is uniformly provided for in international law, a disturbing factor will remain in the way of world peace.

Finally, a complete program of minorities protection should include a provision to this effect; that any nation finding it impossible to adjust its difference with a minority group, allocate lands prorated according to the numbers of the discriminated group and endow it with autonomy in governing its local affairs, though still requiring its loyalty in matters affecting the national sovereignty. Such a provision would insure that in future members of an oppressed minority would not be forced into exile, to become a charge on international relief agencies, besides divesting them of their legitimate nationality.

MODERN ART FINDS A SOUL

By EUPHEMIA VAN RENSSELAER WYATT

IN THE hot glare of Lake Michigan's sunlight, the mammoth brontosaur and ichthyosaurus waggled their tails and nodded their heads as with ponderous yelps they patiently attracted the attention of the passing crowds to the superiority of Sinclair products. Around them shimmered the garish monuments of the Century of Progress; as heavy and disproportionate in bulk as the primeval monsters. The methodical roars of the saurians followed us as we panted on to the next building. No matter what its exhibit, shade would be welcome. It proved to be the Hall of Religions.

Neatly placarded in little booths were all the cults and churches of the U.S.A.; their creed, growth and activities duly presented in the best tradition of salesmanship. Beside the minuscule model of the first meeting-house rose the skyscraper which would now be required to house all the church-going Methodists in the country. Eager church members abounded, ready to tell of the advantages and success of their denominations. One felt as if a sample doughnut might be handed out with a catechism. Except for the Episcopalians who have a well-mannered background of stained glass and chapel donated by a purveyor of organs, the descriptive mural decorations of the Mormons, Salvation Army and Congregationalists, etc., may approach a good standard of publicity but veer away from the simplest canons of art. The Hebrew booth, the only one with a marked individuality, has a sinister suggestiveness in its dark panels with esoteric symbols and designs from the Talmud and Bible. Very simple is the counter devoted to Mrs. Eddy.

At the far end of the Hall of Religions is a partition and curtain beyond which one may not penetrate without a fifteen cent ticket of admission.

"What is there to see?"

"Church articles."

More interested in gaining the farther exit without passing out into the burning sunlight, we ventured fifteen cents on the "church articles" not certain if they would be Sunday School prizes or missionary mufflers. We stepped under the curtain and walked into another world

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of spiritual beauty. We had stumbled upon the exhibit of Modern Ecclesiastical Art from Germany and Austria —one of the most unique and important as well as the least known corners of the Fair.

For the last two years the Arbeitgemeinschaft für Christliche Kunst of Munich and the Kunst-Dienst of Dresden and Berlin, together with the leading prelates and architects and with the coöperation of the government, have been planning this exhibit for the International Exposition in Chicago. Modernistic art in Germany has developed a soul. There is nothing classic about the exhibit except its beauty. It is thoroughly impressionistic but its impressionism is bridled by devotion; the surrealism is refined but not weakened by a spiritual discipline which checks its sensuality. The faith that once burgeoned into flying buttresses and flamed from rose windows has found a new medium of expression. Not since Baroque swept from Italy through Germany, and Sir Christopher Wren rebuilt London and inspired the pioneers in America, has there been any original or distinctive form to church art or architecture. Gothic replicas are usually self-conscious; New York has really very little in common with the Carolingians. We have no time to rear the grand irregularities of a hand-wrought cathedral. The best we can seemingly offer to Heaven is an anaemic reproduction. But Germany and Austria have now fused the enthusiasm of their religious spirit with the most modern of the artists. There is the same vernal quality in their work that must have hovered over the Umbrians and Siennese five hundred years ago or when the stones for the Sainte Chapelle were still rough from the quarry. Almost every phase of ecclesiastical art is represented: rosaries of rare design; chalices; candlesticks; a font of hand-beaten copper; windows that have a character of their own; sculpture; mosaics; frescoes; textiles.

Of all the crafts, the textiles seem the most highly perfected. Never before did the treasures of the Old World sacristies seem confronted with anything that approached rivalry. But here are vestments that glow with all the ancient loveliness. On the chasuble executed by Ella Broesch, which is destined for the Holy Father, angels picked out in worsteds and gold thread on snow white samite, float upward with fresh young faces. There is an informality in their flying and a happiness in their figures that have the frankness of a child's prayer. A vestment in rose for Laetare Sunday is of a material so rich in weave and satisfying in color that embroidery would be superfluous. The same is true of a crimson chasuble from the Art and Craft School of Cologne. The Bishop of Berlin has loaned his miter, crook and cope by Behrens. The crook is of hand-beaten silver with carven lambs but the cope with its long cross in a design of heavy gold thread must be seen to be appreciated. It is generous of the Bishop to have sent his treasures so far away, for he must miss them.

Dr. Conrad Grober, Archbishop of Freiburg, has explained forcibly and clearly the aims of the present art movement which he feels depends upon the coöperation of the Church with the artist. The dramatic element, revealing itself in startling contrasts and strong tensions, seems to him the dominant characteristic of the period: "The impulse of the moment, passion and elementary force, overrule the spiritual. But strong instincts and passions were never adverse to art development. If these forces are spiritualized, cannot they help to build up new foundations for profane as well as ecclesiastic art? The stress is now on the expression of inward emotions rather than on forms of classic beauty. . . . There is a demand for clarity of thought, strength of speech, brevity of form. Modern ecclesiastic art is a natural growth developed out of the religious spirit of our times. If the clergy see clearly these deep spiritual connections, they will be able to educate their people, and priest and architect will work together to create a perfect entity of thought, spirit and form."

This is the spirit in which to study the plans and models of the highly modernistic German churches. An age of scientific and practical development is reflected in the simple severity of outline. The primitive Romanesque, devoid of ornament but with striking loftiness, as one sees it in the most ancient Christian church in France, fifth-century St. Pierre's at Vienne, has much in common with the style of the tenth century. Space, height and purity of curve are predominant. It is serious, rather ascetic. It has none of the imaginative, romantic fantasies of Gothic. In place of the grinning gargoyles, Hensler uses very finely for waterspouts on a tower, the four beasts out of Revelations, symbolic of the Evangelists.

Always interesting as an index of current culture are the subjects art chooses. In religious art, martyrs no longer preëmpt attention. A world, grown tired, now turns to the saints who teach us how to suffer and yet live, rather than those who showed us how to die; not Saint Sebastian but Saint Anthony. The drama of the incident at Emmaus has a particularly modern appeal. Forain, the searcher of souls, made study after study of Christ in the little house of the searchers after truth. Muller-Oerlinghausen, the Berlin sculptor, shows a characteristic bronze of Cleophas sadly discussing the Passion and the hoped for Resurrection with his companion on the way. In common with his school, the modern sculptor uses the human body freely as a medium to express an idea and not for the outward form. Muller-Oerlinghausen's earnest disciples may seem crudely modelled at first but in their figures is all the striving of men bound to the earth until the word of Christ unchains their spirit. So it is with Dinnendahl's "Ecce Home," a kneeling figure of Christ which combines the shrinking of sensitive humanity exposed to public scorn with divine patience.

Three women exhibit works of very individual style. Elsa Eisgruber of Berlin finds it difficult to keep up with the orders for her Madonnas which are in pastel shades on china but are drawn with a delicacy and intricacy of design that recalls Dürer. Ruth Schauman, on the other hand, uses the richest of colors for her small paintings on glass. A convert from Judaism, she seems closer to the Byzantine. Even richer in tone are the glittering enamels of Maria Cyrenius. Burghard of Munich shows a fine study for a fresco of patronal saints, while Breinlinger of Berlin has a Pièta in the school of Cézanne. The droop-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing curves of the Mother and her Son converge toward the straight line of the angel with folded hands, strong in prayer.

Side by side with the work of Germany's Catholic artists, is the exhibit from the Lutherans. It is not so large nor so varied but has the two outstanding names of Ernst Barlach, the sculptor who is also represented in the collection at the Art Institute, and Emil Nolde, the painter. Nolde, who has the powerful vitality of a Daumier, is represented by an extraordinary canvas called "The Tempter" which clamps itself to one's memory. All the pervasiveness of materialism seems hidden there. Barlach has a splendid figure called "The Singer" designed for the old Catherine Church in Lubeck; another equally fine one is carved out of a solid block of wood. Otto Bartning, who has built the great circular Church of the Ascension in Essen, suggests that in these days of complex and hurried living, men need the silence of space and utmost simplicity in which to rest their souls. Instead of clinging to historic tradition, the Church, through her artists, must look ahead. Modern churches are designed to symbolize—not the rapture of Baroque—but the infinite peace of communion with God.

"Simplicity, Modesty, Veracity," is the motto of the Kunst-Dienst of Berlin-Dresden which, through the traveling exhibit that is sent to all the smaller cities, is trying not only to foster craftsmanship but to draw the Church, the artists and the people close together. This fine pioneer work is now being inaugurated here by our own Liturgical Arts Society which faces a far more heroic problem, for Europeans grow up with the greatest beauties of fine arts all about them while the majority of our people have absolutely no artistic standards. Germany's effort, however, must not be underestimated. France has developed modern art but Germany has dedicated it to God's service. Says Philip Koch: "The community of Christ alone is building the church. If only there is a community that lives in prayer and in the holy sacraments, God sends His workmen."

We trust this exhibit of church art will not return to Germany before it has been seen in many cities in the United States.

The Obscure Night of the Soul

Someone is softly crying in the dark—
I think it is a child's voice.
Can you see the stars?
My brother is dead.

I have sometimes thought:
If the moon would shine—
We should not sigh so
For the morning and the sun.

Yet—let it be. I shall lie awake and listen
Peaceful as may become a son of man,
For the Footstep on the stairs
And the knock at the door of my heart.

HUGH DE BURGH.

COMMUNICATIONS

A CATHOLIC CIRCULATING LIBRARY

San Francisco, Cal.

TO the Editor: In your issue of April 19, Miss Helen Ready Bird writes from New York and expresses the hope that "one of your readers can show me the path to a 'good' circulating library." May I have the privilege? But, like Mr. Moody's "long road" described in the same COMMONWEAL, we warn Miss Bird that it is a "long path"—across prairies and rivers, over high Sierras and down valleys, into the city of golden sunshine and silvery fogs: no other than San Francisco, California.

The library to which I refer has all the requirements Miss Bird mentions in her letter. But I shall begin at the beginning. It was organized and opened to the public in October, 1930, by the Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco, under the direction of Reverend Thomas F. Burke, of the Paulist Fathers. It is known as the Paulist Circulating Library and Reading-room. The idea of classifying it as a "circulating library" grew out of the desire to make an appeal to the many hundreds of people who will patronize nothing but a "circulating" library, and also to conceal our own shortcomings in the way of quantity in books.

The library fronts on Grant Avenue, and is located in the rear of Old St. Mary's Church (conducted by the Paulist Fathers), and is on the edge of both the commercial and shopping districts of San Francisco. The room is attractively furnished in mahogany, with colorful vases, standing lamps and ornaments. The floor is done in a modern linoleum, in copper, brown and green. Tropical plants add to the charm of the room.

The books, now exceeding 2,000 volumes, cover every possible phase of Catholic literature. And by Catholic literature we mean not merely books of Catholic authorship but all good books of real literary merit and of moral value. Our guide is chiefly the Cardinal Hayes's White List. As we order many of our books from London, we often have in circulation books not yet published in this country. In fact, we are up-to-date.

We have built with an eye to the future. The books are classified according to the Dewey system. A splendid catalogue, with many cross-reference cards, enables the public to enjoy the very most that can be squeezed out of the material provided in the 2,000 volumes. Some day we shall emerge from this chrysalis state into the full glory and splendor of the traditional library.

Our purpose of course is apostolic: to educate our Catholic people and to inform and possibly convert interested non-Catholics. We know that people have visited our reading-room who would never have entered a Catholic church nor dared to visit a rectory to interview a priest.

All of the best Catholic weeklies and monthlies, and some of the best secular magazines, may be found on our reading tables. We also have pamphlets for sale. Like Miss Bird, it would interest me very much to know if there are other libraries similar to ours in other parts of our country.

MINNA BERGER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BACK NUMBERS

Troy, N. Y.

TO the Editor: A letter remarkable in many respects appeared in your issue of June 23. I refer to the communication of "Octogenarian," who says he is an original subscriber to *America* and THE COMMONWEAL, and has been for more than twenty years a subscriber to the *Catholic World*.

In this communication the writer practically said, in the words of Shakespeare, "Come and make choice of my library." He offered to give the back numbers of the foregoing publications to the applicant who would explain how best to make practical and profitable use of these copies.

Only ten or fifteen applications were expected; but he states that one hundred and sixty were received. All had merit in their appeal but the decision was finally reached to ship this accumulation of Catholic literature to the Xavier University of New Orleans, an institution conducted by the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament for the education of colored Catholic youth.

Before that decision however had been made, the present writer's request had been honored for the *Catholic World* of September, 1923, a number out of print almost a month after its issue.. It is dedicated to the glory of Dante, the six hundredth anniversary of whose death the world was then celebrating, and nowhere in the world, except perhaps in Italy, was a higher classed literary tribute offered to the poet.

This fact is mentioned not perhaps as typical of all the contents of *America,* THE COMMONWEAL, and the *Catholic World,* but as asserting that they do contain articles of a very high literary quality, "infinite riches in a little room."

Now that "Octogenarian's" Catholic journals, so often reread and so greatly valued by him, have gone into other's hands which will unlock his hoards of literary wealth to the profit and instruction of the recipients, I am moved to hope that his example will stimulate other Catholic readers to support Catholic journals, to read and reread them, and to transmit them to posterity, instead of thoughtlessly and selfishly consigning them to a wastebasket.

J. T. SLATTERY.

PROHIBITION FORTY YEARS AGO

Louisville, Ky.

TO the Editor: A letter in a recent issue of THE COMMONWEAL headed, "Prohibition Forty Years Ago," and over the signature of "C. J. H." criticizing a previous communication from Frederick E. Wirth contains the following statement: "This is one of his illuminating gems: 'Mortality rates from alcoholism have declined under prohibition.' To quote Al Smith we would ask him 'to look up the records.' In this prosaic age we want facts."

Under the circumstances, I feel called upon to furnish the exact facts and am quoting below from a statement prepared by me for the Congressional Hearings conducted by the Judiciary Committee, viz:

DEATHS FROM ALCOHOLISM

BEFORE PROHIBITION		AFTER PROHIBITION	
1911	4.9	1918	2.7
1912	5.3	1919	1.6
1913	5.9	1920	1.0
1914	4.9	1921	1.8
1915	4.4	1922	2.6
1916	5.8	1923	3.2
1917	5.2	1924	3.2
Average for		1925	3.6
7 years	5.2	1926	3.9
		1927	4.0
		1928	4.0
		Average for	
		11 years	2.8

It will be seen that the very worst year since prohibition is much better in the point of deaths than the very best year before prohibition.

Upon my presentation of these statistics there was a great uproar from the wet members of the Committee, and especially from Chairman Graham, asking where these figures came from; and they were greatly surprised to learn they were from their own Census Bureau in Washington and can be secured from the Department of Vital Statistics. Later in the day, Chairman Graham made the announcement that his clerical force had checked-up my statistics and found they were all correct, but none of these figures or conclusions appeared in the printed copies of the Proceedings.

Including the saving of lives from other diseases where death can be attributed to the use of alcohol, prohibition saved more lives than our country lost in the Great War both in this country and abroad and from disease as well as in action, a record that has not been equalled by any scientific discoveries.

In the meantime, the deaths from alcoholism have been decreasing and it seems that 1928 was the peak since the enactment of prohibition. Prohibition started in 1918 but 1920 was the real test, and the same decrease in deaths occurred in cirrhosis of the liver and Bright's disease. The statement of C. J. H. represents the prevailing opinion for we have been unable to make known to our fellow citizens a great many of the benefits of prohibition.

P. H. CALLAHAN.

PRIZE ESSAY

Webster Groves, Mo.

TO the Editor: For its Sixth Annual Contest the International Mark Twain Society is offering a prize of $25 for the best short essay of approximately five hundred words on the subject, "Whom I Consider the Best Living Novelist of My State . . . and Why." If any state has no novelist residing within its borders, one from a neighboring state may be chosen. All essays must reach us by September 1.

CYRIL CLEMENS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE STAGE AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Bohemian Girl

IT IS twenty years since "The Bohemian Girl" was last produced in New York City, and just ninety years since it made its first appearance on the stage of the Drury Lane Theatre in London. The indefatigable Milton Aborn is now reviving it in the ample spaces of the Majestic Theatre.

In the past I have had many occasions to praise Mr. Aborn's zeal and discrimination in revivals of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas and other works such as "Robin-hood." It was with distinct disappointment, therefore, that I sat through a rather shiftless and shopworn version of "The Bohemian Girl." The operetta itself is perhaps partly to blame. Musically, it is not an inspired work, in spite of such famous bits as "The Heart Bow'd Down," "Then You'll Remember Me" and "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls." These particular arias have lost none of their simple charm in ninety years of repetition. But it takes more than a few scattered arias to lend richness and substance to an operatic score. Many of the intermediate musical passages are pedestrian, to say the least, and the choral numbers are wholly lacking in verve and charm. Then, too, the story is sentimental without being romantic.

But the inherent defects of the opera do not excuse a production that magnifies every one of them. Mr. Aborn has tried, through the introduction of a gipsy acrobatic troupe and of an Albertina Rasch ballet to brighten things up a bit, but the contrast between the freshness of the Rasch dancers and the drabness of the general production only emphasizes the general flabbiness of the occasion. The costumes have the appearance of being drawn out of a musty warehouse. The scenery is a makeshift combination of bits used in other Aborn productions. Finally, the direction is burdened with every conventionality of fifty years of light opera tradition—choruses that indulge in setting-up exercises by way of gestures and principals who assume solemn attitudes.

It is still possible to envision a production of "The Bohemian Girl" in which the antiquities of the score and libretto would be well covered up by skilled and resourceful direction and by a scenic treatment which, however inexpensive and simple, would lend depth and perspective and authentic color. After the abduction of little Arline by the gipsies in the first act, I had a feeling that I had been watching a travesty production of Eliza's escape over the ice in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." That sort of effect is quite inexcusable, even in a production intended for a very low box-office price. It is also incredible that after a lapse of fourteen years, the king of the gipsies would still be wearing the same costume as in the first act. To be sure, I have seen such abysmal egotists as Gigli at the Metropolitan insult the intelligence of audiences in the same fashion. But Detmar Poppen of the Aborn troupe lacks even the excuse of a Gigli voice. It is in failing to provide such elementary essentials of illusion that Mr. Aborn has most injured his revival of "The Bohemian Girl." On the good side of the ledger are the singing of Allan Waterous as Count Arnheim, and the lovely vocal quality of Ruth Altman as Arline, even though marred by too many facial grimaces.

Each new appearance of the Aborn operatic cohorts invites the question, "Why have we no permanent light opera company?" Now that the Hippodrome experiment has proved that even grand opera can be given successfully at low prices, there seems to be less reason than ever to postpone the founding of a light opera company distinguished for the real excellence of its singers and the meticulous care (without silly extravagance) given to scenic effects and direction. To assure a popular following there are always the Gilbert and Sullivan works to fall back on, and there is a whole adventurous field of light opera and *opéra comique* (in the Parisian sense) to explore in between the tried and tested material. For singers there is twice as much material available as for grand opera, since lighter voices can be used in smaller theatres to good advantage. Mr. Aborn himself might undertake the task, but he would have to abandon, first, the spirit of carelessness and neglect of important detail which mars the present revival of "The Bohemian Girl." And he would have to hire an expert director. (At the Majestic Theatre.)

The Night Ride

EVEN in his tiresome rôle of America's typical gangster, Edward G. Robinson is always interesting—as a technician. But in the case of his latest gangster film, "The Night Ride," there is too little of Robinson and far too much of the voluble Joseph Schildkraut, and also far too much of a trite and routine story. Moreover, judging by certain aspects of feminine costuming visible even to a male eye, the main parts of the picture yield the suspicion that they were made several years ago. There are defects in the sound recording, too, which confirm this suspicion—lip movement preceding sound during the entire first half of the picture. But this, of course, may be the fault of the exhibitor.

The story of "The Night Ride" begins with the quite unnecessary episode (emphasized in the dialogue) of the daughter of an Irish mother being married to a newspaper reporter by a justice of the peace. The telephone rings during the ceremony, summoning the reporter to an important case of bank robbery. The rest of the film is given over to the duel between the reporter and the gang leader. Many of the episodes are more farcial than realistic, and some of them are absurd either as logic or drama. The impeccable work of Mr. Robinson is the only redeeming feature, the acting of Mr. Schildkraut as the reporter being replete with the exaggerations and bombast so familiar in some of his work on the stage.

I come back, as usual, to the question of why special films are not written to take full advantage of Mr. Robinson's amazing artistry—especially films of historical background. No actor of today could do Napoleon quite so well. Mr. Robinson would understand the Corsican, and re-create him in astonishing terms.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

Irish Magic

Twenty Years A-Growing, by Maurice O'Sullivan. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

HERE is one of the most marvelous books I have ever read. It is a joy forever, a piece of magic. When the language revival began in Ireland thirty years ago we studied either feeble modernizations of the old sagas or books like the present, written about life in remote Irish-speaking places. But of them all not one had the slightest trace of the flavor of this book—the very first (written as it is by an Irish speaker from the western seaboard, from, in fact the most westerly point in Europe) to give us a delightful, vigorous, artistic account of that life so often described without talent from within, and without knowledge from without, since the days of Synge. It is as if one of Synge's Shamus Patches or M'riarty Jims took the pen and paper out of his hand and did the job three times better than he could have done it himself—did it, moreover with more humor, with equal gusto, and without any of the mood of tragic melancholy that Anglo-Irish literature almost invariably felt, and even still feels, when it goes among the people.

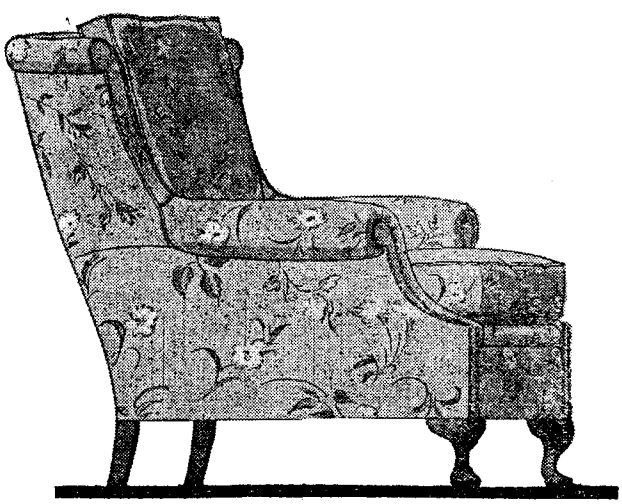
Perhaps the reader does not realize what it means to come on a book like this. I may help him by explaining exactly where it comes from. To get to the Great Blasket Island where the scene is laid, you have to go by a slow steam-tram down the full length of the Dingle peninsula, down through one dark or sun-greened valley after another, every one of them magical with memories of Irish saga and Irish history. Every mile, every name, of small village or pounding strand has something of that haunted atmosphere of the great dead. And as you leave the town of Dingle in the evening and the coast gets gradually darker and more mysterious, you are by degrees entering into another world. Ten miles or so west of that last lighted town of your journey you round the jet-black mass of Slea Head, edging the tumbling, mist-covered sea, and before you, out on the dusk of the Atlantic, there rises the Great Blasket Island like a detached mountain, silent, faintly lit by the cabins that crown it. It is three miles across the sound. It is five hundred years away. When you land there you are back in the middle ages.

From that island this book has come to Saint Martins Lane. To open it is like opening a window in London to a swallow with the dust of Africa still in his eyes. The book was written by a young islander, almost unlettered, who has suddenly blossomed into a writer of finish, sensitiveness, humor, power.

Mr. E. M. Forster, who writes a charming introduction, is not satisfied with the middle ages—he says this book is "an account of neolithic civilization from the inside"—but whether it is neolithic or mediaeval or Elizabethan or merely early eighteenth century, and life in the Great Blasket is positively not contemporaneous with any later date, life in that remote place is presented here faithfully with all its unspoiled sense of wonder, in the

B. ALTMAN & CO.

The Altman midsummer sale of furniture



Featured values are included in bedroom and dining room suites, upholstered and occasional pieces. All purchases of 100.00 or more may be made on the deferred payment plan. An outstanding chair value is this Lounge Chair with loose pillow back and seat cushions. Order it from a very choice selection of covers . 49.75

Furniture—Seventh Floor

Fifth Ave. at 34th St. New York City
Furniture also at East Orange Shop

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MALVERN PREP SCHOOL

FOR BOYS. Conducted by Augustinian Fathers. Prepares thoroughly for Villanova and all other A. B. colleges, technical schools. Modern buildings on 143 acres. Gymnasium. Lake. All sports, riding, skating. Lower School—7th and 8th grades. 22 miles from Philadelphia. Fall term opens Sept. 27. Catalog. Rev. Philip L. Colgan, M.A., O.S.A., Headmaster, Box B. Malvern, Pa.

COLLEGE MISERICORDIA
Dallas, Pennsylvania
A Catholic College for Women
Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy
Accredited by the State of Pennsylvania
Degrees: B.A., B.S., and B.S. in Home Economics
For particulars address THE REGISTRAR

PIUS X SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC
COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART
133rd Street and Convent Avenue
New York
Courses in
Gregorian Chant—Gregorian Accompaniment—Ward Method—Model School—Voice Production—Polyphony—Boy Choir—Theory—Harmony—Melody Writing—Counterpoint—Liturgical Singing—Conducting—Organ—Piano—Violin
Special Four Year Course
For further information, address the SECRETARY—
BRadhurst 2-8000

A Catholic Institution
For the Higher Education of Women
COLLEGE OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT
ON HUDSON, CITY OF NEW YORK
Day Students and Boarders
Location Unsurpassed for Convenience, Healthfulness and Beauty
One-Half Hour from Grand Central Station
PROFESSORS OF DISTINCTION
EQUIPMENT OF THE BEST
COLLEGE—Four-Year Courses Leading to the Degree of A.B. and B.S.
COURSES in PEDAGOGY, JOURNALISM and SECRETARIAL WORK
Open to Junior and Senior Students
Write For Prospectus
PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT
ACADEMY MOUNT ST. VINCENT ON HUDSON
CITY OF NEW YORK

naturally figurative and rich language of the people, with that feeling of the poetry of existence that is constant there, with that sense of beauty and above all of fun in common, ordinary things that seem to have gone out of life with the Reformation and the Industrial Revolution. So, here is a book that is a piece of lovely life, a book to be thrown on your table as you would throw a coat or an old hat or a wild branch from the woods, or anything that is natural and real and simple.

That, in itself, is exciting enough. But, in addition, Maurice O'Sullivan is a born writer. Whatever may be said about his matter, there is nothing neolithic about his style. Nor do I, for one, believe that O'Sullivan is a man of one book. Some of the chapters in "Twenty Years A-Growing" are beautiful, if unfinished, short stories. He knows when to end his little incident. He knows how to round off the account of a day's hunting or a day's fishing or a day's fun-making. Another book is coming shortly from the Blaskets, by another author, the island *shanachie* or story-teller. It is good, but it is not good in the way of this book because it has not the same literary gift, being the book of a great talker rather than a writer who can cast spells over the reader as this one will surely to your joy.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN.

Broadened Horizons

The Church Surprising, by Penrose Fry. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.25.

PENROSE FRY recounts his first impressions of Catholicism for the special benefit of his former co-religionists, the "Anglo-Catholics." His present brethren in the faith will also be interested to learn how greatly the Church surprised Mr. Fry, of how he found it, after what his distinguished wife has called "dropping the hyphen," an entirely different religion from Anglicanism. The topics chosen are those on which High Anglicans chiefly need to be informed—"Under Instruction," "The Next World," "The Clerical Collar," and so forth. Under these headings false impressions are corrected, while Catholic beliefs and practices are well set forth.

In regard to the clergy, Mr. Fry's statements need to be somewhat modified as far as this country is concerned. American bishops need to do little if any borrowing of foreign priests nowadays. And surely the retention of priests in the seminary after ordination, as well as the delaying of faculties for confessions are infrequent practices among us. Must one not say the same of the regular and complete canonical visitations described by Mr. Fry?

It is interesting to note that the author knew little of the English persecutions before his conversion. The accounts of hundreds of martyrdoms were a revelation to him, and showed how unhistoric is the statement that "there was no intention to destroy the Catholic religion in England." The Catholic and Anglican ideas of reunion are effectively contrasted at the close of this modest little book, which may be heartily recommended to enquiring Anglicans.

T. LAWRASON RIGGS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Japan's Masterpiece

The Bridge of Dreams, by Lady Murasaki; translated by Arthur Waley. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. $3.50.

THIS volume is the second part of the book entitled, "Lady of the Boat," and the final instalment of the "Tale of Genji." As regards the labor of translation, Mr. Waley shows himself a personage of strong character, in that he has continued for ten years on a particular piece of work in order to bring it to completion. Judging by the reviews of the previous volumes there seems to have been an undue desire to search for similarities of plan or approach as are observable in Western authors. It is, however, an undue straining to suggest that Lady Murasaki composes scenes, incidents, conversations, as for instance did Proust or Jane Austen, Boccaccio or Shakespeare. These comparisons are not real, because it is not possible to demonstrate a fundamental basis of kinship between Proust and Murasaki, merely because there are surface resemblances in method or possibly a fleeting similarity in style.

What appears to be observable, accepting the translation as being as close in its rendering as it is unique in its form, is that in the earlier volumes there is a certain peculiar quality of unevenness of treatment. This is not due to any fault of construction, but to the elementary fact that the Japanese mind tends to stress details of ceremonies which in the Western world would appear tiring, if not unnecessary, in their meticulous performance.

The undoubted fact is that Mr. Waley has translated and given to the West one of the world's masterpieces. Granting that it is fiction, none the less, as a description of the social life of a cross-section of Japanese civilization at the end of the tenth and the beginning of the eleventh century, it must stand from now onward as one of the fascinating and refined pictures of human life, its sorrows, its cheats, its rejoicings.

The gift of Lady Murasaki is that of story-telling in which plainly there are noticeable a remarkable command of contrast, then variety, and a power of indicating a growing or a lessening tension, as incident after incident is painted in upon her wide but crowded canvas. These tensions grow as the story of Genji unfolds, but again lessen as it becomes apparent that he is gradually retiring as a commanding figure from the scene. The last volume but one is largely concerned with the attempt to contrast the characters of the two principal personages, Kaoro and Niou, one being the reputed son of Genji, the other a younger son of the Emperor.

Finally, it should be said that the six volumes, though written in the tenth and eleventh centuries, should be considered from the point of view that it is only the setting which changes from century to century or from period to period. The work of a great artist should be judged by the questions, does the appeal continue, and is it universal. So far as Mr. Waley's portraiture is concerned it seems that the answer must be in the affirmative.

BOYD-CARPENTER.

THE PARIS STUDY GROUP

For Women of American Catholic Colleges

Organization affiliated with the Sorbonne and Catholic University of Paris. Accepts graduates and juniors of American Catholic Colleges who major in French. Full credit for junior year given, as well as Sorbonne diplomas and teaching certificates. Courses in French, History, Philosophy, English, Music, etc.

Girls live with best class French families. Trips to Italy, England, etc., arranged during holidays. Careful supervision of health and general welfare. Cultural activities include weekly sightseeing, excursions, concerts, plays. Special approval by members of the American hierarchy.

For further information address:
PROFESSOR RENE SAMSON, McLEAN, VIRGINIA

LOYOLA SCHOOL

PARK AVENUE AT 83RD STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Under Jesuit Direction

PREPARATORY — GRAMMAR
PHYSICAL CULTURE
SUPERVISED ATHLETICS

CLASSES REOPEN SEPTEMBER 25TH

For Information Apply to the Registrar

The new safe-deposit facilities at both our Chambers Street and Uptown offices afford the most modern protection for your valuable papers.

This makes one more service added to our other conveniences, such as foreign drafts, travelers' checks, and a bureau for advice on investments.

EMIGRANT
INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS BANK

Resources over $458,000,000

UPTOWN OFFICE
5 East 42nd Street

DOWNTOWN OFFICE
51 Chambers Street, at City Hall

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA
Fully accredited standard liberal arts college for women conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross. Bachelor's degrees. Cultural and vocational education. Art. Music. Extensive campus. Athletics. Horseback riding. 80 miles from Chicago, 1 mile west of Notre Dame University. For catalog address Registrar, Box 73.

Mount de Sales Academy
CATONSVILLE, MARYLAND
Conducted by the Sisters of the Visitation High School
Affiliated with the Catholic University of America
Junior School, Grades IV to VIII
Classes Resumed Monday, September 11, at 9 A.M.
Apply to the Directress for further information

STELLA MARIS REST HOUSE, Newport, R. I.
For women, convalescents and others desiring restful conditions. Overlooking Narragansett Bay. Spacious and comfortable; excellent table. Accommodations limited. Reasonable charges.
Address: Sisters of the Holy Ghost. Tel. Newport 1000

TRINITY COLLEGE
WASHINGTON, D. C.
An Institution for the Higher Education of Women
Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Graduates eligible for membership in American Association of University Women.
For particulars, address
THE REGISTRAR OF THE COLLEGE

College of Notre Dame of Maryland
Charles Street Avenue, Baltimore, Md.
A Catholic Institute for the Higher Education of Women
Affiliated with the Catholic University of America.
Registered by University of the State of New York and by the Maryland State Board of Education. Accredited by the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Middle States and Maryland. Member of the American Council of Education. Courses leading to the Degree of Bachelor of Arts. Address Registrar.
NOTRE DAME PREPARATORY SCHOOL
Resident and Day Pupils *Address Secretary*

ROSEMONT COLLEGE
Rosemont, Pa.
Conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. A College for Catholic Women. Incorporated under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania with power to confer Degrees in Arts, Sciences and Letters. For resident and non-resident students. Situated eleven miles from Philadelphia on the Main Line of the P. R. R.
Address Registrar

ACADEMY OF ST. JOSEPH
IN-THE-PINES
Brentwood, New York
Boarding School for Young Ladies
(Preparatory Collegiate)
Affiliated with the State University
Complete Courses in Art, Vocal and Instrumental Music
Extensive Grounds, Large Campus, Athletics, Horseback Riding
ADDRESS: MOTHER SUPERIOR

St. Hilda Guild, Inc.
Church Vestments, Altar Linen
Ecclesiastical Embroidery
Conferences with reference to the adornment of churches
Old Embroidery Transferred
131 EAST 47th STREET NEW YORK
ELdorado 5-1058

Briefer Mention

Chant at the Altar, by John C. Selner. Baltimore: John Murphy Company. $.60.

THE DIRECTOR of Sacred Music at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, has rendered a valuable service to priests and seminarians by including in his handy pamphlet the essentials of the priest's part in the liturgical chant. Irrelevant and rarely used material is omitted. The matter is arranged according to the order of Mass and of Vespers, making one wonder with sorrow how many parishes there are among us in which the latter beautiful Office has survived. A feature of great value is the inclusion, under each heading, of common errors to be avoided. There are few priests who do not need to check their liturgical accuracy with the help of this admirable pamphlet.

Zest, by Charles G. Norris. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

MR. NORRIS is a lesser Dreiser: his prose is somewhat less bad; his novels are shorter; the passions which move his characters are less moving to the reader. From the second of these resemblances, it follows that he is also less dull—quantitatively, of course. Under the epigraph, "And in that day seven women shall take hold of one man," Mr. Norris gives us the founr-hundred and forty-five page story of Robert Gillespie, a man in no way extraordinary except for his dullness. No pattern is imposed on the Zolaesque mess from which it is made; no skilful delineation justifies the use of clods for characters; not the faintest music stirs the leaden prose.

Lucent Clay, by a Sister of Notre Dame (de Namur). New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $2.00.

THIS SISTER, who has written a number of other books, now offers a volume of meditations which have a very considerable content and charm. The point of view is appropriately Christocentric, and the attitude toward the action of grace fundamentally sound. One comes upon passages distinguished for rare common sense. If the book has a fault, it is a lack of method, complimented by a somewhat too fulsome expenditure of rhetoric. All in all, we recommend it warmly even to those whose standards of spiritual writing are high.

CONTRIBUTORS

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON is a veteran political correspondent for New York journals. His latest book is "Presidents I've Known and Two Near Presidents."

ABBÉ ERNEST DIMNET, an authority on English and French literature and politics, is the author of "The Art of Thinking," "What We Live By" and other books.

SISTER THOMAS AQUINAS, O.P., teaches philosophy at Rosary College, River Forest, Ill.

JOHN SIMONS is associated with the "Encyclopedia of American Biography."

EUPHEMIA VAN RENSSELAER WYATT is the dramatic critic of the *Catholic World*.

HUGH DE BURGH is the nom de plume of a contemporary American poet.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN, a student of Irish literature, is the author of "Midsummer Night Madness."

REV. T. LAWRASON RIGGS is the chaplain of the Catholic Club at Yale University.

BOYD-CARPENTER, a writer on European politics, is attached to the faculty of the School of Foreign Service of Georgetown University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED